

## **Strip by CasaByers**

**Series:** [Jancy Smut Requests \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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**Summary:**

Nancy puts on a little show for Jonathan.

## **Strip**

### **Author's Note:**

Anon on tumblr asked: Nancy giving Jonathan a strip tease and daring him to snap a few shots with his camera ;) thanks!

It had started out innocently enough, they were hanging out in his room, the radio was playing low, Nancy had stood up, was shuffling through his records. She glanced back at him, he was reading, a new novel he'd gotten, she had also been reading but her mind had started to wander. They would be graduating soon and off to their separate collages. Fortunately, in the same state of New York. So, they wouldn't be too far from each other, but they wouldn't see each other every day.

Nancy sighed, she saw his camera sitting next to the records. An idea came to her, she smiled slightly, she got excited. She turned to his dresser and grabbed his blue flannel off the top. "hey, wait here." Nancy said.

Jonathan looked up confused, "okay?" he watched her leave and close his door. He went back to his book. He let out a sigh, he was going to miss this.

Five minutes later, his bedroom door opened, and he looked over, dropped his book.

Nancy stood there wearing his blue flannel and seemingly nothing else, she carefully closed his bedroom door.

"Nancy..." his voice trailed off as he watched her walk across his bedroom and towards his record player. She carefully looked for what she wanted. She carefully placed the record on the player and she turned to him as the music started to play.

Jonathan was sort of stunned, how mouth was hanging open, and then as Aerosmith's Sweet Emotion started to play and Nancy started to dance to the music, his brain fizzled.

She danced as sexy as she could to the slower parts and tried to head bang and air guitar, she knew it looked ridiculous, but Jonathan didn't seem to care.

She stepped up on his bed and decided to combine bouncing on the bed to the beat of the music. Then for the final chorus she just moved her shoulders and hips a little bit as she started to unbutton the shirt.

The song ended, and Nancy stopped, Jonathan furrowed his brow and looked disappointed.

"could you put on some AC/DC?" Nancy asked, sweetly.

She'd never seen him move that fast, he nearly tripped and crashed into his record collection. He dropped a tape, found the AC/DC and set it on the record player. He hoped she liked this one.

Nancy grinned, of course.

She waited for him to turn around and she started to undo the buttons and lip-sync the lyrics, pretending to hold a mic as she got into it.

Jonathan sat back on the bed and she stepped closer, she stood on either side of his thighs, before she dropped down and straddled his lap, still lip-syncing and rocking out. She pressed a hand to his chest and then another she ran through his hair, he didn't take his eyes off her. as the musical break hit she pushed the shirt off her shoulders but held the shirt closed, still wiggling on him to the beat of the music.

When the song was done, she was panting softly, enjoying the way he was looking at her.

Jonathan seemed to snap out of his trance, he went to touch her, and she climbed from his lap. "take my photo." She said as she sat at the end of the bed, letting his shirt slide off her shoulders, still unbuttoned but he couldn't see more than her legs and shoulder.

Jonathan shook his head, "what?" he finally asked.

"take my photo... so you have something to look at while you're

away from me.” Nancy said softly.

Jonathan got up to get his camera and stopped, “wait, like...” he was so confused.

“yes... come on... I know you’ve been wanting to.” She watched as he turned red, which was adorable considering they were sexually intimate and he didn’t have anything to be embarrassed about.

“I... really?” he asked, but as he did, he took the lens cap off, “now?” he asked.

Nancy nodded, she crawled to the head of his bed, she knelt there, let the shirt fall open. She waited.

Jonathan was clearly very aroused and frustrated and confused and excited. He aimed the camera and stepped back, he snapped a photo of her. He dropped his arm and looked at her, as if he wanted to ask her something.

Nancy sighed, lightly, “how do you want me?” she asked.

Jonathan breathed out heavily, “can you... under the sheets.” He whispered.

Nancy took the flannel off and tossed it aside before she got under his covers, on her side, propped up on an elbow, she let the sheet stay draped around her upper body.

He snapped another photo.

“Now what-“ she didn’t get to finish because Jonathan was suddenly crawling on the bed, trying to pull his own t-shirt up and over his head, his jeans already unfastened.

Nancy reached to pull his jeans down as he crawled onto the bed, “what brought that on?” Jonathan asked as he pressed a kiss to her neck.

“I’m going to miss you and you’ll miss me.” Nancy whispered.

Jonathan sighed, “fine... you can take some photos of me.” He

started to sit up.

Nancy giggled and wrapped her arms around his neck, “after.” She murmured against his lips.

Later, in her dorm room, she had a small locked box that she kept in her dresser, her roommate was never really in the dorm, Nancy was never worried. But inside were little trinkets and some photos... her favorite was one of Jonathan and herself, he had held the camera out and snapped a photo of them, he didn't know if it was going to come out right or not, but it had.

She sighed happily. And then she opened a small envelope where there were a couple photos she had taken of him, he was sitting on his bed with his sheet low on his hips, giving her this look. The other was one she snapped when he got up to crawl towards her to get the camera back. He'd reluctantly developed that one for her.

Fin.